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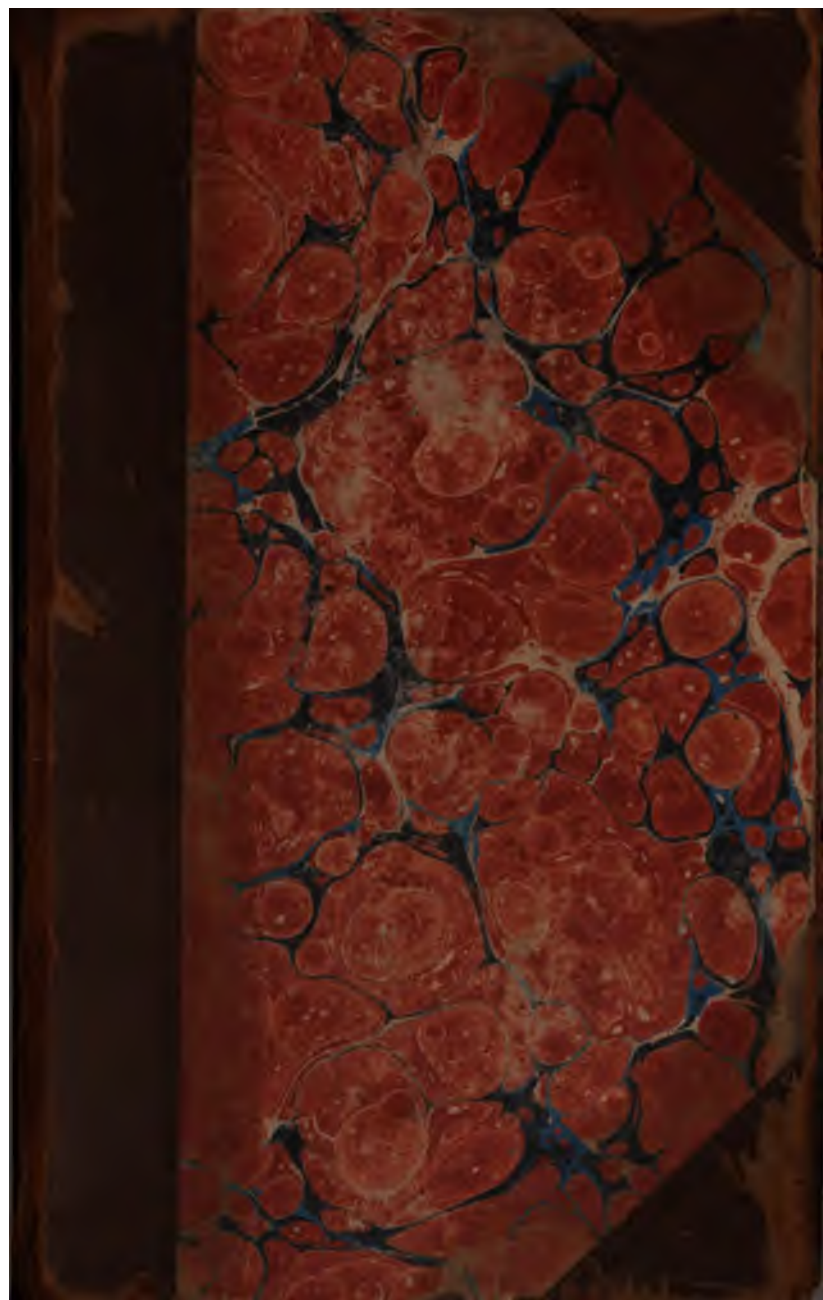
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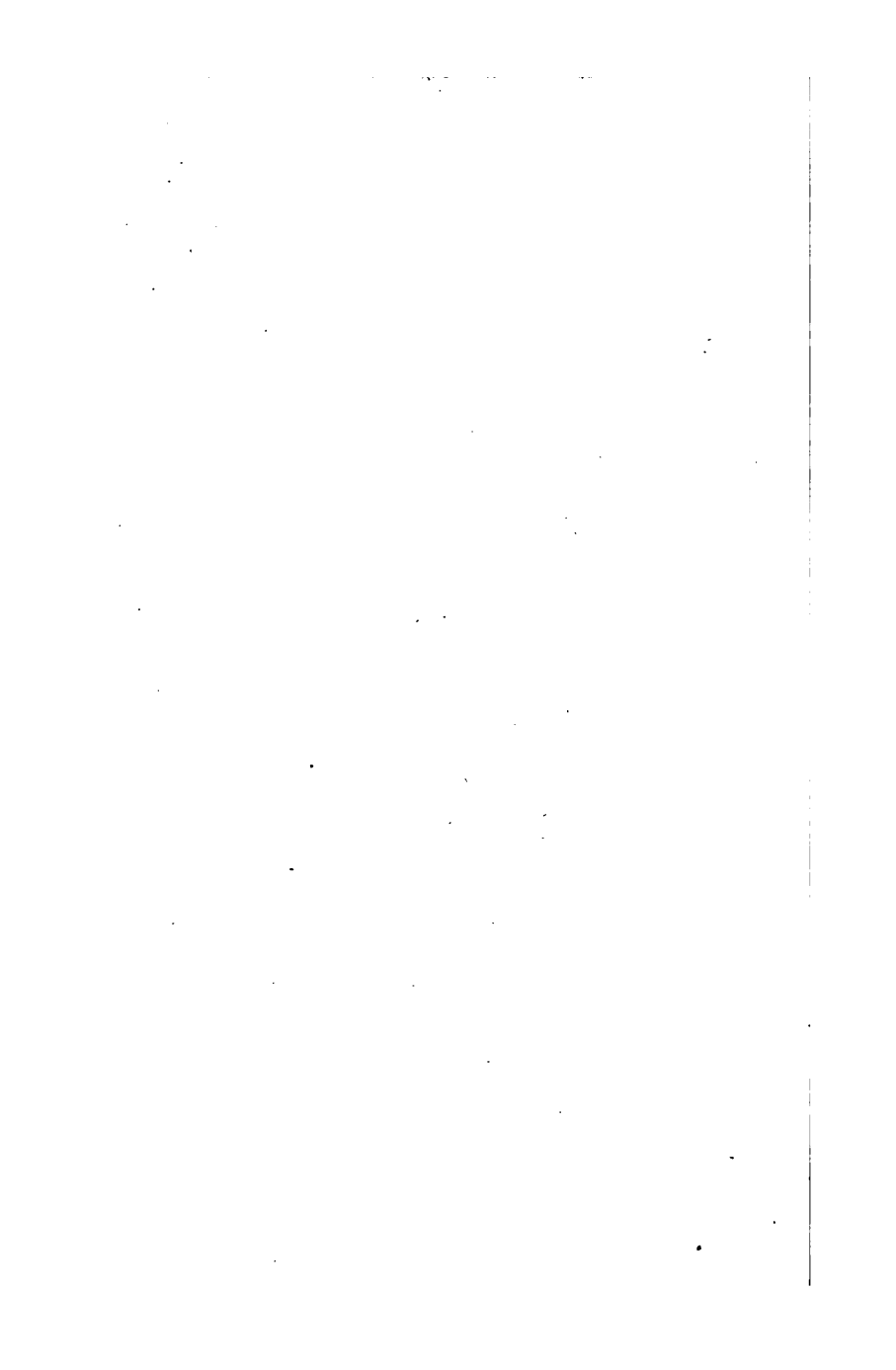


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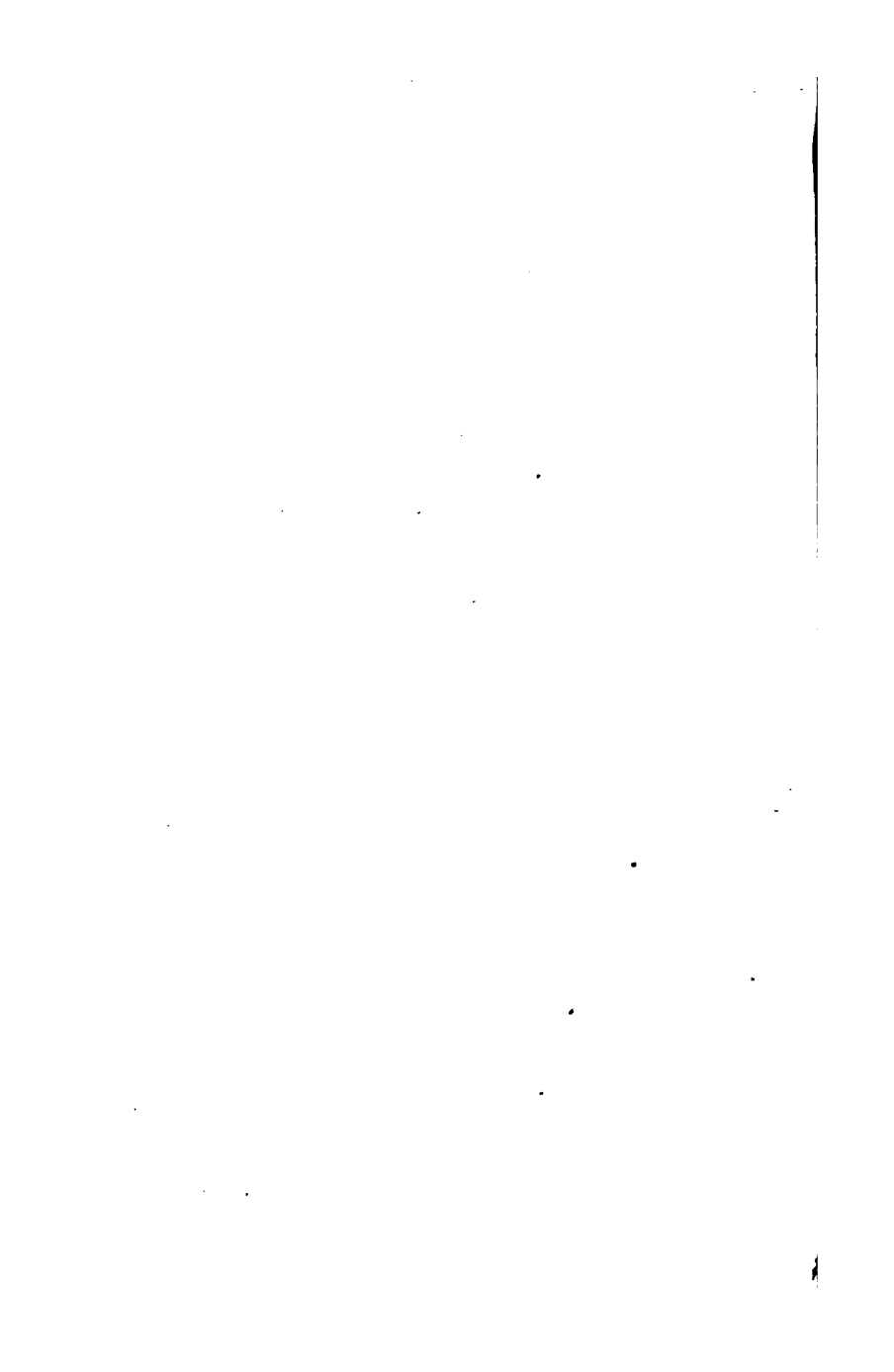
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THE STOIC.



THE STOIC.



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TO MY BROTHER,

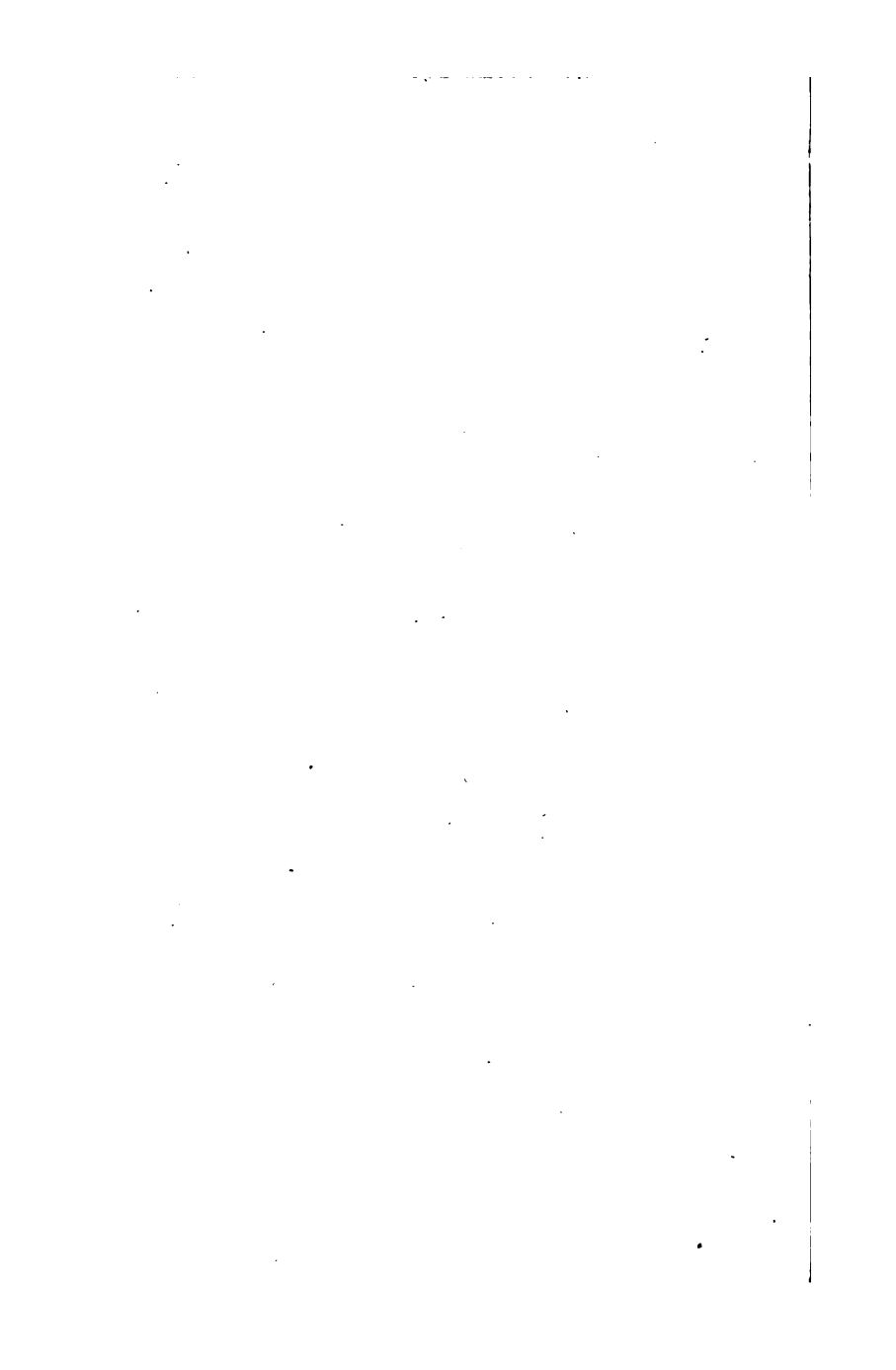
EDWARD JAMES SMITH,

I DEDICATE MY LITTLE BOOK,

WITH

MY AFFECTIONATE LOVE.

JANE KINDERLEY STANFORD.



THE STOIC.

THE STOIC.

CHAPTER I.

BORN to affluence, and endowed with much mental and personal superiority, the hope and pride of a highly gifted father—the idol of a doating mother—the long and anxiously wished-for boy—I might be termed fortunate, and my destiny one of happiness. And so it might have been, perhaps, had not the power of my mind been so great, or had the sensibilities of my heart been less acute. As it was, my childhood was alternate sunshine and clouds,—my youth, a continual struggle between the intellect and the affections,—and my manhood, what was my manhood? I will call it happy, for spite of all my trials, all my doubts, and all my fears, *I was happy*;

a beauteous star shed its soft light over my path, and guided my old age to bliss. That star is set, but the remembrance of its loveliness will never go from my mind; I too must soon follow it. Oh! may I indeed follow it to that Heaven it pointed out to me!

I was born in the eightieth year of the Christian *Æra*. Of my earliest years I remember but little. What was life to me *then*? A never-ending sunbeam, in which I basked contentedly and joyfully, enjoying the present moment without thinking of the next. And I had cause to be happy. Wealth procured me every reasonable luxury, and pain had never racked my body. If I had childish vexations (and what child has not?) I wept over them; but the memory of them passed away as the tear dried on my cheek.

Our family ranked among the noblest, as well as the wealthiest of Athens. My grandfather partook of the love for a country life, which was so eminently characteristic of a Grecian; and my father, I believe, inherited

this feeling ; for although his habits of life daily took him to the city, our residence was in the country.

Nor was it surprising that it should be so ; for there was nothing in Athens which could tempt a man of independence and wealth to make it his home. The streets were strikingly irregular ; the city badly provided with water, and the houses with a very few exceptions, mean. The spaces of ground, caused by the burning or pulling down of houses, which had been inhabited by those citizens accused at various periods of high treason, added very much to the deformity of the city ; this spoliation, if I may so term it, was committed by order of the government, and it was not permitted to rebuild on the spot rendered execrable by the crime of the former possessor. The Areopagus also, which took to itself the immediate inspection of buildings, was a declared enemy to every innovation of the civil architecture ; added to which, if a house were decorated above the rest, or even carried one story higher, a crowd of jealous observers suspected that this ostentation hid a pride

and feelings, very inconsistent with the equality of a republic.

The extreme magnificence of the temples and public edifices, rendered the appearance of the houses even more abject and mean than they really were. The eye wandered from one extreme to the other, and as there was not the slightest link between them, there could be no beauty, no pleasure in viewing them together. The three hundred statues erected on the public places, and the porticoes of Athens, could not hide the deformity of the streets.

Such was Athens, the *Great Athens*; the birth-place of so many noble men, heroes, and philosophers; the nursery of the arts and sciences, the place where they were brought to perfection; and the point from which philosophy spread its rays over the rest of the world. Such was it when I lived; but how different may it be in your time, gentle reader. Time works a change in all things. Man is born and dies. — Empires rise and fall — cities are built where once the ocean raged — and the waves roll over what once were fields luxuriant in verdure. Athens,

therefore, may centuries hence, be more worthy the spirits which once breathed within her walls, and even thought her the most beautiful city in the world. But I have described my native city as I knew it; and was it surprising that the nobility of Athens entertained an aversion to inhabit a city where their houses were confounded with those of the populace and artizans? The country was open to them, and there they erected their mansions according to their wealth and their tastes.

My father had very early shewn a taste for philosophy, and was considered the most learned Stoic of his time; and the peculiar tenets of his sect gave him an appearance of austerity which was very early and deeply impressed upon my mind. I cannot say that I ever *feared* my father, for his kindness to me was constant and unchanging; but I had a veneration for his talents, a deference for his superior knowledge, and an admiration of his character, which made my feelings for him very different to those I entertained for my other parent.

My mother was beautiful — and though possessing in a great degree this attribute, so uncommon among her countrywomen, for in Greece the males engrossed personal attraction to that point, that if there appeared a woman endowed with even a moderate quantity of beauty, her name was sounded from north to south, from east to west, and many persons would undertake long journeys to see her ; but although, as I said, this had been the case with my mother, she lived an entirely secluded life, apparently unwilling to shew her beauty beyond her own household. I never knew her in good health, there was consequently a languor, a helplessness in her appearance, which won pity even from a child. While in her presence I learned to curb my boisterous mirth, because it increased her illness ; in my father's company my spirits were subdued, because his, I had almost said, *stern* countenance chilled every feeling of merriment.

If I in vain expected from my father any manifestation of affection, I was richly repaid for my disappointment in the doating

love of my mother. She caressed me, she fondled me—I was her plaything, her amusement, her joy — and fully did I return her tenderness.

I watched every expression of her pensive but beautiful countenance; I hastened with alacrity to obey her most slightly expressed request; I endeavoured to anticipate her wishes. If I suffered aught, I hid my sufferings from her, and while in her presence a smile was ever on my lips, for I early learned how much her happiness depended upon mine.

The greatest portion of my time was spent in her society, and for hours have I seated myself at her feet, my head resting upon her lap, and gazing upon the face which to me was so lovely, so beautiful, by the feeble light of the evening moon, while she would run her taper fingers through my curling hair, and bless her “sweet boy.” This was bliss to my young heart, a heart which learnt its tenderness in such hours as these, and which never could entirely forget it, when maturer intellect and cold philosophy taught me to

look upon every thing with indifference and apathy.

As my father's fortune was ample, he allowed my mother to expend her dower in rebuilding and embellishing that part of his mansion which was allotted to her, and her female attendants, and was called the gynaecium.

The lower room or hall, which was the spot where my mother used to sit during the hot months of summer, was open on two sides to a beautiful and luxuriant garden, which boasted a large and choice collection of fragrant shrubs and flowers. The walls of this hall were of pure white marble, and pillars of the same material of the elegant Corinthian order of architecture, supported the room above, which was the winter sitting-room. The pavement was tessellated in the best manner, and in the centre was an elegant fountain, whose waters cooled and refreshed the air.

The winter sitting-room was hung with rich crimson silk, except in a few places, where the walls were adorned with figures

and landscapes well executed in fresco ; the floor was of cedar-wood highly polished ; the couches were inlaid with gold, and covered with crimson silk, richly embroidered in gold. This room communicated with the sleeping apartments, which were fitted up in the same style of magnificence, combining luxury and comfort.

The garden was spacious, and gradually sloped down to the banks of the Ilyssus, the river, which among the Athenians is sacred to the Muses ; and from different spots we had views of the Temple dedicated to Diana the Huntress, which was erected on its opposite bank.

An elegant mind had guided my mother in adorning her dwelling, and its beauty and comfort made her the envy of her less wealthy or less tasteful acquaintances.

It was in these rooms that during my childhood I enjoyed the greatest happiness, and received my earliest instruction from my dear mother and her faithful attendant Zoë, who had lived with her before her marriage, and had performed the office of nurse to me.


To Zoë I was an object of interest and love, and she shared with my mother my childish affections, and upon every occasion was exempt from the teasing tricks which I delighted so much to lavish upon the other and more menial attendants. Still was I a pet and a plaything with them all ; and these hours of my earliest childhood gave me a feeling of tenderness towards the female sex, which I never utterly lost, and which influenced many of the most important acts of my life ; whether I was the happier or better for this influence, let my Tale disclose.

CHAPTER II.

MY father, in telling me of the annihilation of man, first alarmed me as to the state of my mother's health. *He* was calm when he mentioned the probability of her decease, but *I* shuddered at the idea of losing my beloved parent, and in an agony of grief I threw my arms round her neck, and exclaimed, "You shall not die."

She pressed me to her bosom, and told me how useless my grief was, at the same time declaring that the approach of death had for her no terrors. "You will not forget, me, Eurysthenes," she said, tenderly kissing my cheek.

I vehemently swore by Jupiter and all the gods, that I would not; and she wept over me.



From that moment my love and my care for my parent were increased, and anxiety first racked my mind. I had formed no idea of death; I had heard of the death of persons, but had never thought upon the subject. What was life?—And what was death?—And why was my mother to die, so young and beautiful, when I daily saw aged and decrepid people living on?—Could nothing avert the event from her? And if she died so young, so might I, and I wished that the same moment would end our lives. My favourite dog had died, and was I to lose my mother by the same means?—Surely this brought a familiarity, a similitude between the brutes and a being I so much loved; one I thought so superior to all others, which should not be. My dog I had buried in the earth, and she also would be buried, and the sole difference between their graves would be, the marble column which would mark that of my mother. 'Tis true, there would be more ceremony in consigning the remains of my parent to the earth, there would be oblations and prayers to the gods; but of what use

were these ceremonies, if they did not save the body of my mother from being debased to the lowness of the animal creation? Of what use were the oblations and prayers, if *she* derived no benefit from them, and *I* no consolation?

I thought of her body as lying for ever in the grave; and although I felt that she would not be taken entirely from me, and, that resting on her tomb, I might still imagine myself almost in her presence, there was a dreadful melancholy in knowing that she would be insensible to my approach; that I might call upon her, but that her sweet voice would never again answer my calls; that I might weep upon her grave, but that her dear arms would never more embrace me; that never again should I find a resting place for my troubled spirits upon her bosom, and never again be soothed into peace and happiness by her tender endearments.

My uncertainty as to the nature of death, my dread of its approach, and my bewildered ideas upon the subject, made me anxiously watch every change of my dear mother's

countenance. Every sigh she heaved I feared was a precursor of the separation I so much dreaded, and every fainting fit I thought was death. How often did I steal on tiptoe to her bed-side, and in spite of the whispered remonstrances of Zoë, rob my hours of their sleep, to watch the dear slumberer; and when I fancied she was about to wake, glide away, because I knew she would chide me in gentleness, for not having retired to rest.

With agony did I see the branches of acanthus and laurel placed over the door of our house, in token of the sickness within. My mother's long tresses of dark hair were cut off, and in the principal hall were consecrated to the infernal deities; and most fervently did I join in the supplications offered to Mercury when the pangs of death approached. In all the religious rites practised at this time I bore a part; I knew not precisely for what they were performed, but they were in some manner, which I could not understand, connected with the welfare of my parent, and that was sufficient to gain my attention and interest.

My mother sunk gradually and calmly, her beauty increasing as her life drew to its close; her last action was to press my hand and my father's together — her last look was mine — and my lips received her last sigh — and at twelve years of age I stood beside the death-bed of her who had so fondly cherished me; immoveable in my sorrow, unconscious of all around me, save the pale, inanimate form on which my eyes were fixed. The wailing and lamenting of the women at length aroused me, and I tore myself from the spot. *My* lamentation was in the secret recesses of my heart, deep and lasting. All that I loved was gone; I had no consolation, no comfort left me, save that of dwelling upon her tenderness for me.

After the attendants had washed and anointed the body, and according to custom, arrayed it in a splendid garment, I again pressed my lips upon the cheek, and the touch spread chilness through my frame to my heart. I gathered the best flowers of the garden, and such as had been her favorites, and strewed them upon the bier; placing

upon her breast one of those locks of my hair which she had so often delighted to twist round her fingers, and which were now cut off as an outward sign of mourning.

I had frequently in my visits to my mother's apartments, surprised her and Zoë reading a book, which, upon my appearance, was invariably shut, and put into a little ebony chest inlaid with silver, and the key being turned upon it, was deposited in the pocket of my mother. In early years, when literature was a task rather than a pleasure to me, this circumstance was almost unheeded by me ; but as I encreased in years, and knowledge became interesting to me, my curiosity was awakened, and I frequently asked my mother to tell me what it was about, and to let me read it. This, however, she constantly refused to do, at first evading my questions ; but as they became more importunate, she told me I was not old enough to understand her studies ; and if I endeavoured to extract from her a promise to let me see it when I should be older, she would give it conditionally, the fulfilment resting upon my

father's approbation. Thus my mother's book became to me an object of intense curiosity and interest; a something with which increase of years would make me acquainted, a pleasure promised for the future.

After her death, when my father, in examining the different chests, came to open the small ebony one, where she had kept those articles which she most valued, I anxiously looked for *the book*, and cannot express my surprise, consternation, and grief, at not perceiving it.

I looked towards Zoë, as if expecting that she would explain why it was not there; but with her eyes fixed upon the different articles as they were separately taken from out the chest, she either did not understand the silent question I had put, or if she did understand it, she was determined not to answer it.

Resolved not to be so foiled, I said, "Zoë, where is the ——." She would not let me proceed, but with a secret sign to me, she replied in a hasty, bustling manner, "Here is the little bracelet you wished to see; it is the last my dear mistress wore."

I did not attempt to repeat my enquiry then, for it seemed unpleasant to Zoë, therefore in the hope of gaining a more direct answer, when we should be alone, I remained silent. An opportunity of speaking to her soon offered itself, but she positively refused to give me any information upon the subject, adding that my mother, in her last illness had made her promise not to give me the book, without the consent of my father. She would not even give me an idea of its contents, and even hinted that she thought it very improbable that my father would ever suffer me to read it.

I thought Zoë was unkind to me in this instance, in every other whim and caprice she fully indulged me, and at all other times I felt that I had still a kind and loving friend left to me.

CHAPTER III.

EDUCATION in Athens was conducted upon a general plan, to which the parents of children conformed, with very slight exceptions. Boys till the age of seven years were taught to read by the Grammatists: they were then taught music by the Citharistes; and after their thirteenth year it was usual for them to be consigned to the care of the Pedotribes to learn the gymnastic exercises. And so fascinating and delightful were these exercises to some of our robust youth, that they delighted to signalize themselves in wrestling, pugilism, and races of every kind.

I have said that my mother was more beautiful than the generality of the Grecian females. A perfect symmetry of form was one characteristic of her loveliness, and this I in-

herited, joined to a firmness and fullness properly belonging to a male. I knew that my father delighted in my personal advantages, although he had never so openly praised my handsome features and figure as my dear mother had done. Perhaps it was as well for me that he did not, otherwise I might have become vain and effeminate; as it was, I loved to hear my mother praise me, but all the vanity which might have been raised by her encomiums, was quickly banished by the more judicious conduct of my father, who early instilled into my mind, the great superiority of mental over bodily perfections. Nevertheless I am inclined to think, that his unwillingness to permit me to follow the gymnastic exercises beyond a certain point, arose from the fear of injuring the contour of my form.

He was aware, that the nervous system of man is capable of a certain degree of tension, only. Beyond that point, it loses in one part what it gains in another. In boxers the hands are strengthened at the expense of the feet; and in racers the feet gain what the

arms lose. The equilibrium of the strength in all parts, is destroyed by a particular force, which being purely *made*, soon degenerates into weakness. The juices of the frame fly to those parts which are most and continually in motion ; and where this is not the case, the too great perspiration which violent exercises induce, enfeebles the human body, by taking from it a large quantity of the moisture necessary for its preservation.

I therefore did not bestow much time on this branch of my education ; I learnt to swim, to ride, and a very little pugilism. But my time was almost wholly devoted to study. I passed successively under the government of the Grammarians, Critics, and Geometricians, and then came the studies under the Philosophers.

The Grecian Philosophers, had a stronger aversion than other Athenians to live in cities ; but as it was not convenient to be far from the capital, which was the dépôt for the instruments and assistance which the arts and sciences required, they settled themselves in the environs of Athens ; and their gardens

extended from the shores of the Ilyssus to those of the Cephisis. The Epicureans were established in the center; Plato's disciples to the north; and those of Aristotle to the south. A hedge of myrtles, or a row of olive trees, forming the only division between those schools, so much at variance in the doctrines they taught to their followers; yet, as all were situated on the same soil, so all their precepts tended to gain one end, perfect goodness, wisdom, and happiness. They were untouched by the perturbations of the passions; peace never forsook their breasts; each day, was to them, a day of enjoyment; and the solution of a problem was a matter for rejoicing. Seated in the shade of their gardens, they smiled to see a crowd of fanatics, and ambitious men, agitated, like the reeds by the least breath of wind, by the slightest ruffle of the passions.

But my father was a Stoic; and his school was situated in the middle of Athens, under the Portico painted by Micon and Polygnotus and called the Pæcile. Instead of seeking solitude like the other sects, the Stoics chose

the centre of the city, where they were continually surrounded by the noisy populace. Here my father taught, and here I learnt my philosophy. And it undoubtedly required more power over the mind to fix it to the contemplation of abstruse objects, when liable to the bustle, noise, and interruption of a busy multitude, than when, secluded in the shade of trees, there was scarcely the shaking of a leaf, or the humming of an insect to distract the attention, and call the mind from its profound contemplation.

My studies now became abstruse and deep. My father conversed with me as with an equal in years, knowledge, and understanding. And as a bust of Zeno, the founder of the Stoic Philosophy, stood before us, the cherished ornament of my father's study, he taught me to believe in his tenets. He taught me that God was pure ether, or fire, inhabiting the exterior surface of the heavens, that he was underived, but finite. He taught me that the agency of the Deity was merely an active motion of the celestial fire; that Providence was only absolute necessity. He

assured me that virtue was the only true wisdom ; and happiness the end and motive of our lives. He urged me, as a means to attain perfect wisdom and happiness, to subdue all my passions and emotions, to be alike insensible to pain or pleasure. But when he told me that death was only an *interruption of life*, that the soul was material and remained with the body, till fate, or necessity, and the law of nature, should renew life, I could not conquer the thrill of joy which ran through my heart, at the hope that my mother would again live. Though uncertain when she would return to life ; and if I should ever again enjoy her company, I loved to imagine the happiness which *might* be mine once more.

But the school to which I now belonged, and the philosophers who were now to be my guides, taught indifference to pleasure, and insensibility to pain. And so well apparently did I follow their instructions, that my father expressed his entire approbation of my conduct. Alas, he knew not the misery of my mind ! My feelings were by nature acute, my passions strong, and my affections deep. I

endeavoured, I laboured to overcome my emotions, and was chagrined to find it not the work of a moment. Every day tried the strength of my philosophy, and I was perpetually at war with my feelings, consequently I was in a constant internal agitation. I knew that I should not be blessed with calmness and peace, till my philosophy gained the ascendancy, and by annihilating every passion and emotion, bring my mind to that quiet state, which it was the study of a wise man's life to arrive at, and which alone could produce the happiness after which my soul so anxiously aspired.

It was no merit of my own that I gained some empire over the softer affections of my heart; from no one now did I receive a shew of that tenderness which had been lavished upon me in infancy. My ears no longer heard expressions of love; the arms of an endearing mother were no longer thrown around me; my forehead was now never pressed by the lips of an affectionate being. All my tender emotions and feelings were therefore, for want of encouragement, thrown back upon


my heart, useless, unblest, and un blessing. And if they existed, it seemed to be only in the moments when I thought of my beauteous parent ; upon nothing could they rest but upon the memory of *her* ; but so intimately were they connected with *that*, that while my mind retained the power of recalling the past, my heart would beat with fond but vain affections still.

At those times, when my mind relaxed from its sternness, and my philosophy was scarcely thought of, it was my delight to wander in my mother's apartments, and to tend the flowers and shrubs in which she had taken so much interest and pleasure. The same anemones which she had planted, and which were her favorite flowers, were encreased with the utmost care ; the pomegranate which had been the pride of her parterre, was multiplied ; but more especially was the myrtle tree, under which we had been so often seated together, the object of my attention ; every dead leaf within my reach was carefully plucked off, and every withered branch lopped ; not a faded flower was allowed to sully

the whiteness of its sheet of blossoms. And this was my occupation at those times when my heart dwelt with most tenderness and sorrow upon the beloved parent I had lost.

I was thus employed one evening, when my philosophy scarce controuled my feelings, and believing myself to be unobserved and alone, I indulged in delightful retrospections of the past ; when Zoë, who had stolen upon me unheard, said, "That was her favorite tree, Eurysthenes ; how often has she talked with me under it, talked of you, and prayed for your happiness then and for ever. I can never forget the sweet conversations we have had upon this spot."

The melancholy tone of the faithful creature brought the tears to my eyes ; but ashamed of my weakness, I turned my head from her that she might not see them. But she knew I wept, for she said "Aye weep, do weep. It is no sin to weep for the loss of so much goodness. I have lost the best friend I ever had, and you have lost a fond mother. Oh ! you know not what you have lost, Eurysthenes. But I will pray that you may



be happy, and that her loss may be restored to you in some other way. You are young, and have a long life before you; pray ——.” She hesitated a moment, then added, “may it be as happy as hers was!”

“But,” I said, “Zoë, she will live again; my philosophy teaches me that death is merely an *interruption*, not an *end of life*. Oh! think of our happiness when we shall meet again.”

“Yes,” said Zoë, solemnly and mournfully, “she will live again, but not as you imagine.”

“What do you mean? shall I not again be blest with her society, her love?”

“I know not,” replied Zoë, “it is not for me to give you instruction on this subject. But, my dear young master, do not stifle your grief, give it vent; it is natural, a gush of tears will relieve your heart.”

“Nay, Zoë, it is unmanly, it is worse than unmanly, thus to lament at the workings of a fate we cannot controul. I will, I must conquer this weakness; it is the desire of my heart to overcome weakness of every kind,

and to become indifferent to every thing. In that indifference, consist the highest wisdom and happiness of man."

Zoë shook her head mournfully, "And will you forget your mother, and become indifferent to her memory?"

I looked reproachfully at her, and plucking a small sprig of the myrtle, placed it in the folds of my dress on my bosom. She understood my answer.

CHAPTER IV.

I HAD already been enrolled among the citizens of Athens, and rejoiced that I could in truth boast a fellowship with the heroes of my country, in whose daring and brave exploits I delighted, and with the sages, whose wisdom I venerated, and whose sanctity of life I wished to imitate. But a more glorious and delightful event awaited me in my initiation in the Eleusinian mysteries, a custom which was now falling into disuse among the Athenians, but which my father, who as much as was in his power still adhered to the ancient customs of his country, wished me to follow, and I was proud that the knowledge of a man would be imparted to me.

My father, ever anxious to improve my understanding, was unwilling that I should

enter into these ceremonies, as some of my fellow-countrymen did, thoughtlessly, and without being acquainted with their true meaning. He, therefore, for some time, made it the subject of our private conversations, explaining to me every particular relating to them.

He told me that the lesser mysteries were designed by the ancient theologists, the founders of them, to signify occultly the condition of the impure soul invested with a terrene body, and merged in a material substance. And, as intimating that the life of the soul, when merged in the body, is nothing but a dream.

I was thus, by the assistance of my father's explanation, led to consider these mysteries, not merely as the worship of Ceres and Proserpine, conducted with great and imposing shew, but was able to apply every part of the ceremony to the connection of the soul with the body. And far from being terrified at the loud noises which, in the initiation, assailed our ears, at the earthquakes which we witnessed, or the demons which appeared to

us, I considered them all as representing the descent of the soul into a corporeal nature ; and the omniform and horrible monsters, I looked upon as signifying the various vices of our irrational part.

The mysteries, therefore, were highly interesting to me ; and while many youths of my own age, were enjoying the mere splendour and novelty of the ceremony of their initiation, it was to me an event of the utmost consequence, and induced me to profound thought and study. I felt more strongly than ever the debasement of my soul while connected with my body and the vain passions of my corporeal nature ; and the desire to make them subservient to the high and pure nature of my soul, led me to love my stoic philosophy, which taught me the means of attaining that end.

If the shows of the Lesser Mysteries, which were intended to represent the miserable and unhappy condition of the soul while subservient to the body, were thus so deeply interesting to me, how much more so, were the Greater, which intimated by mystic and splen-

did visions, the felicity of the soul, when purified from the defilements of a material nature. And it was with the utmost impatience that I awaited the time of my initiation into them. The month of Boëdromion, (parts of September and October,) at length arrived, and with joy I accompanied my father to Eleusis. The representation by these Mysteries of the beatific state of the soul, in the Elysian Fields, now exalted me as much as I had felt debased by the contemplation of the terrors and miseries of Hades. I was possessed of a soul, and it was to be the work of myself to gain its admittance into that happy region. Then, away all ye passions, pride, anger, love ; I scorn your power ! the purity of my soul shall quench your dazzling but fallacious brightness.

Taught, as I had been almost from my infancy, the immense power and value of the intellectual part of our nature, and urged by the exercise of that power, to elevate my soul above all earthly feelings and dominion, was it wonderful that after my initiation, Ceres and Proserpine, (the former as the emblem of

the *intellect*, and the latter as that of the *soul*) became my favourite goddesses, that their images were placed in my little study as its greatest ornaments, and that they shared more of my attention and homage than Minerva, the tutelary goddess of my country.

Still I was not perfectly satisfied with the state of my mind. There was something yet wanting to complete the happiness I sought for. My father gave me praise and encouragement as regarded my studies ; but I was not happy, and as I felt that I was not so, an unbidden but almost unchecked sigh would burst from my bosom to the memory of my dear mother.

I had no intimates ; I did not enter into the pleasures of my age ; I seemed in truth abstracted from the world, almost from all realities, and buried in the doubts and hopes of my philosophy. For there were moments when I doubted ; moments when, with a recklessness which I afterwards blamed, I almost determined to relinquish the tenets of the Stoic, nay, to discontinue the study of all

philosophy, and to give loose to my inclinations and passions. This perhaps arose from the conversation of my almost only friend, and certainly my most intimate acquaintance.

He was an Epicurean, that is, he had been educated in that school, and had believed what had been taught him, for he had never troubled his mind with study. We were accustomed to compare the leading principles of our different schools; and shall I own that there were moments when I almost yielded to the arguments he adduced in favour of his, and was somewhat dazzled by the picture he drew of his happiness.

Happiness, perfect and uninterrupted, was the aim of my philosophical researches, the desire of my soul. I looked at the smiling countenance of my friend, and contrasted it with the solemn expression of my own. I thought of all the indulgencies he allowed himself, and of my own austere life; the pains it cost me to deaden every feeling, which it was his study to enjoy and to increase. I was young, and all this made an impression

upon me; for a moment I wavered. Then again I called to mind the high and ennobling studies I pursued, and I felt that if light and enlivening pleasure were not mine, that my mode of life, and my opinions raised my soul far above his; and I in my turn reasoned with Alcmenes, upon the folly of delivering his soul and existence up to sensual pleasures, and endeavoured to impress upon him the superiority of my belief over his.

“Nay, Eurysthenes,” he would say, “you are the very Prince of Stoics, but the Epicurean philosophy is best adapted to my temperament. I cannot reason upon any thing; a life of ease and pleasure is fitted for me, and I yield to my feelings.”

I reminded him, that the wine-cup would at length be drained, that there were times when objects were wanted to create his mirth, and that beauty faded in his grasp.

“Then, we will fill the cup to the brim again, we will quickly find other beauties, and laugh to think that we can so soon renew our pleasures.”

“Still,” I said, “there will be a moment

of cessation of pleasure. How much better then is it to steel yourself against all its fascinations, and by regarding every thing with indifference, never to receive pain or pleasure from any object, belonging to us *externally*; but by making our internal powers, our intellect and our soul, the constant objects of our attention, endeavour to ensure our happiness."

"Ah! Alcmenes would say, smiling, "we are both travelling to the Elysian Fields; my path is strewn with flowers, yours is rough, hard, and to me, far from enticing."

And I could never reason him out of his pleasures, nor could I entirely persuade myself that he was wrong. There was something in my nature which warred against my intellect, a discontentedness with myself, while I owned the beauty of my philosophy; a restlessness of thought and of feeling, which continually urged me on to attain bliss, but which was as constantly unsatisfied.

CHAPTER V.

I HAD very early been betrothed to my nearest relative, and at the age of twenty-four, I yielded to my father's wish, and married. I considered this event as one of necessity, and did not expect from it any great increase of happiness. It was well for me that I did not, otherwise I should have felt the events of my married life too deeply, to have borne them so patiently as my indifference to my wife enabled me to do.

As at the death of my mother, so also at my marriage, every ceremony enjoined by the custom and religion of my country was strictly observed. Agathonica had been presented to Diana, and had given her tribute of curiosities to that Goddess; and the usual sacrifices and oblations were made to the Gods.

It was determined by those friends who had the arrangement of every thing on that eventful day, that our wedding should be as splendid as possible ; and Agathonica did not make any objection to such being done, for I had obtained a name in Athens, and she felt some pride in shewing that she was connected with me ; added to which, she had already, on many occasions, manifested, as far as a secluded female could do, a love of splendour and ostentation, and a desire to enjoy to the full the luxuries which our joint wealth could procure her.

I was passive ; my friends did with me as they pleased, I assented to all they proposed, but I suggested nothing ; and I attired myself in the splendid garment prepared for me, with as little pride and pleasure as I put on my usual every-day habiliments. To one thing only did I pay any regard, it was that my garland might be of anemonies and violets intermixed ; these I gathered myself, and gave to my bride a similar garland ; and and when I saw it bound upon her forehead, I felt it to be the first act which installed

her in the apartments of my mother, who had planted those flowers in the garden from which I had gathered them. And I pictured to myself a happiness awaiting me, something like that of my boyhood.

In the evening the bride was conducted home in a chariot by torch-light, and attended by singers and dancers. We had some distance to travel, her father's house being situated on the opposite side of the city to ours. At the end of the journey, the axle-tree of the carriage was broken, and burnt, to signify that the bride would never again return to her former home; and we entered our house amidst a shower of figs and various fruits, which our friends plentifully poured upon us.

For three days I was compelled to act the bridegroom, but rejoiced that the fourth day left me free to follow my former studies, and usual manner of passing my time.

I was not an inattentive husband, though perhaps owing to my tenets of philosophy, I was not a *loving* one. My wife was to me the same as other women: I had not married

her from affection, for I not only never had felt love, but considered it as a feeling and passion which debased the soul of man. But the time I devoted to relaxation and amusement was spent in her society, and as I considered myself free to act as I pleased, I left her the same liberty, contenting myself with the idea that she had the same means of being happy that my mother had possessed. I never controlled her wishes in any respect ; her person was adorned with jewels, and she had numerous attendants to wait upon her ; she had beautiful apartments to inhabit, and wealth at her command ; the sole object of her life was to amuse herself. Yet all this did not satisfy her.

Every kind of luxury directs itself necessarily towards two objects, which are often combined together ; that is, ostentation and the pleasure of the senses. I have said that Agathonica loved show and ostentation, and as I never restrained her actions, she took every advantage of the many opportunities which the religious feasts and processions gave of displaying her wealth. Her chariot

was magnificent and sumptuous, drawn by white mules, which were procured with great difficulty and at much expense, from Peloponessus ; but they were at that time the test of property, the envied acmè of fashion, and Agathonica could not appear without them. In this equipage she, soon after the birth of our first and only child, went to the mysteries of Eleusis, which was the spot where all met for pleasure and enjoyment, and there she formed an acquaintance with Maximinian, the Roman Governor of Athens. And in a very short time after she left my society for his.

For a moment I was chafed by the circumstance, but it was only for a moment, and I very soon regained my Stoical apathy. Indeed I endeavoured to palliate her conduct ; I considered the female mind as incapable of understanding philosophy, and being quite aware that the worship and belief of my country was very little calculated to guide the conduct, taught as it was by fables and representations revolting very often to decency, I thought of her failing rather with pity than otherwise.

Agathonica left me my child, and I scarcely knew whether to rejoice at the circumstance or not. Zoë's look was sorrowful as she put my infant into my arms ; I almost shrank from taking her. Why should I cherish her ? *She* might also deceive me. Yet, oh ! that face, so innocent, so fair, so like my mother's !

" Yes, yes, I must, I will love you, Hermione," I said, as she smiled upon me, and for an instant I pressed her to my heart. " Take her Zoë, and do not forsake her, for she will stand in need of your care."

" Forsake her !" said the poor old woman, the tears falling fast upon the head of her little charge. " Forsake her, sir ! I served your mother and loved her, and these arms have nursed and fondled you when you were young and helpless. They are old now, but they can still nurse this tender babe, and my heart can still love your child, and *her* grandchild. And I will teach this little one to love you also, and you will live to bless the day that made you a father."

I own I had wished for a boy, a son to pro-

long our race as lecturers at the Stoa, but my girl was like my mother, and I was content. Yes, she was so like that lamented parent, I could not but love her with all the warmth my cold philosophy would allow. I, who to others talked of, and inculcated as a duty an indifference to the softer feelings of our nature, loved, fondly loved my child, and when alone with her lavished a thousand endearments upon her. My first kiss had been imprinted upon her soft baby cheek without witnesses, and my caresses were bestowed upon her in privacy. She brought back to my nature all the tenderness I had felt for my mother, and seemed to link me more closely than ever to her memory.

Zoë was right, I did live to bless the day which made me a father. I have rejoiced in the life of my child, and I have mourned her death. And I have reason for much rejoicing, for she was chosen by thee, O God! to teach me a belief in thee, and in thy works; and in that belief I found the best consolation, when thou thought fit to call my child from earth, to place her among the angelic spirits of heaven.

CHAPTER VI.

YOUTH has been called the blest period of man's existence. It has been likened to every thing beautiful, and every thing beautiful has been likened to *it*. Then, it has been said, are man's spirits joyous, his body vigorous, and his heart light. He smiles at the petty vexations of past infancy, and the cares of a later age he laughs into distance. Mirth, with her sunny smiles, greets him at every turn — pleasure strews her sweetest and fairest flowers in his path — the colour of fancy's wings beams more brightly — every thing bears the stamp of truth and innocence — and gentle hope gilds the future. Such we are told is youth.

But was my youth such ? Alas ! No. *My* spirits were chilled — the feelings of *my* heart.

were deadened — vexations, joy, and pleasure, all were alike unheeded, and unfelt. Imagination and fancy lent not their aid to lighten the cares of life. Restless and unsatisfied, I thought not of the past, I enjoyed not the present time, but anxiously looked forward to the future, when a perfect wisdom would bring me — what ? happiness — derived from a subjugation of all my emotions and passions. The attainment of that point was the end and aim of my life, and ruled my every action and every thought ; for *that* I studied unceasingly.

My father was dead, and I was left alone, save the tender infant who looked to me for support and protection. There were times when melancholy reflections pressed themselves upon my mind and upon my heart, and I almost envied my father's fate, and wished to be as he was. I had a high veneration for his wisdom and character, and doubted not that he was enjoying the blessings which our philosophy promised to those who could raise their souls from all terrestrial feeling and connection. Yet when I looked

at the little infant before me, I felt how much she needed my protection and guidance, and resolved to do my utmost to guard her against a fate similar to her mother's.

Agathonica I constantly heard of, and frequently saw. How could it be otherwise, when dwelling in the same city? I heard of her extravagant luxury, for she had ample means of indulging this failing, as although our divorce had not yet taken place, I had returned her dower, determined that Hermione, who knew not that her mother was living, should have no link with one who had so debased herself.

Whenever I visited the female apartments, Hermione's little arms were open to me, and she would cling to me as to one she loved. And Zoë had taught her to love me, and did well for both of us in so teaching her. In her childish games I often found a relaxation of mind, which nothing else could have given me. And as I have watched her innocent countenance, and artless gaiety as she gambled about me, I have not unfrequently called to my remembrance my infancy, and

almost wished that I was again a child. Then would come a moment of absorption, as my philosophy expelled such thoughts, and my little Hermione, at such moments, would seat herself at my feet, and patiently wait till the fit was over, and I again could find inclination to play and to laugh with her. She very early seemed to understand my humour, and never did she give me pain or uneasiness. Sometimes she would caress me, when she perceived I was more than usually ruffled in temper, and her little winning endearments would bring serenity to my mind. She would bring me the sweetest flower of the garden, or call my attention to the song of her favourite bird, not unfrequently imitating and rivalling him in the clear tones of her soft and flexible voice. She would walk with me, she would garden with me, or she would sit by my side silently. Her temper, her patience were never wearied; her greatest happiness seemed to consist in being with me, and a single kiss, a kind word from me, would in an instant bring a smile of joy upon her countenance.

Was it strange, was it wrong that I should feel some affection for so sweet a creature? I sometimes thought it was, and would forbear visiting her. I know not what she suffered at those times, but I seemed to have lost something necessary to my existence. Oh, had I then known true religion, how much misery might we both have been spared! But it was decreed otherwise, and I lived in darkness, doubt, vexation, and trouble. Tormenting my mind with speculations, of which I knew not the fallacy, although I felt they did not fully satisfy my soul; and torturing my heart to overcome feelings and emotions from which spring some of our sweetest and dearest enjoyments and happiness.

And years were to pass, and I was to continue in this state; and more years were to pass before I could relinquish the philosophy, which I had hugged to my soul; a philosophy which made this life almost a burden to me, without giving any decided or clear promise of future bliss. But these years passed away. and I did relinquish my philosophy, and almost too late did I give loose to all the fond

affections of my nature. My happiness was short, but it was great ; and now that it is gone, and that I am an old man, tottering on the verge of the grave, I am content ; thankful for the bliss I have enjoyed, resigned to my present lonely state, and looking forward with cheerfulness and with hope, to the time when I shall be called to enjoy once more the society of my beloved child, in those realms of peace and happiness which she taught me to believe, are the dwelling places of the good.

CHAPTER VII.

AT this time Christianity was making great progress, though secretly ; for it was a crime at Athens, to introduce the worship of new Gods. I daily exerted myself in my conversations with my friends, and in my lectures to my pupils, to guard them against giving into the belief of the Christians.

But while thus exerting myself, I was not aware that this new religion had taken root in my own house.

To Zoë I had given the charge of my child, merely instructing her in some branches of her education myself ; and the education of an Athenian female seldom extended beyond the use of the distaff, and general domestic affairs. I was satisfied if she attended to the rites of our religion, seldom explaining the intentions

of them to her; leaving to a future time, when age should have matured her intellect, to teach her some of the tenets of the Stoics. Indeed, she was little more than an amusement to me; seeking her society, as I have before said I did, as a relaxation from the intense study which I still pursued. These intercourses endeared us to each other; and it was not till she had attained her eighteenth year, that I was alarmed as to her religious opinions. And when I first began to be suspicious of her being a Christian, I did not immediately question her upon the point, because, I not only thought it impossible for her to differ in opinion to me, but I could not imagine how, in the perfectly retired manner in which she passed her time, she could even hear that there was a new religion sprung up, and much less who could teach it to her. For I was ignorant that Zoë, the friend and tutress of her infant years, had always been a Christian, being a descendant of the woman Damaris, who had been converted to Christianity by the preaching of Paul at Athens.

But soon was the truth of my conjectures

to be confirmed. I one day sought Hermoine in her apartments ; I did not tread unusually light, but she did not hear my approach, and I surprised her reading intently, *my mother's book*. I approached, and as she lifted her eyes and discovered me, a confused blush overspread her face ; she rose from her couch, still holding in her hand the book, I had so long, so anxiously wished to see.

"Hermoine," I exclaimed, "that book. Tell me, what is it? I have from my boyhood sought for it ; how came it in your possession?"

"It is the word of Christ," she replied calmly, but in a subdued tone.

My hand had been stretched towards it, but I immediately shrunk from touching it.

"Tell me, how came you by it? How long have you had it?"

"Zoë gave it to me ; and it was your mother's."

"And did my mother, she whom I loved, who I thought all virtue, all goodness, and did *she* read that foolish manuscript? Was my mother whom I loved so tenderly, and deeply, a Christian?"

“ Father,” said Hermione, “ her virtues and her goodness were derived from the study of, and her belief in the words of this precious book. It was her daily companion ; to read it was her first occupation in the morning, and her last at evening. And father,” she continued meekly, but firmly, “ *I also am a Christian.*”

I did not raise my arm to strike my child, though never before had my anger been so roused. I upbraided her with disobedience, I told her I had long entertained suspicions of her religion. I cursed Zoë as having been the means of leading her into such delusions. I scoffed at her belief, I ridiculed the sect of which she had avowed herself a member. I denied the existence of the Divine Power, and of any Gods, but those which my country owned. In my agitation I seized her arm, “ Swear,” I exclaimed, “ swear by the great Jupiter, by Minerva, the goddess and protectress of your country, to renounce this damnable belief. Return to the worship of your forefathers, or be for ever a stranger, and an outcast from my affections, my care, my house.”

“Father,” replied Hermoine, boldly and without trembling, “you have taught me the duties due from a child to a parent, you have taught me to love, reverence, and obey you ; and still do I love you, oh how dearly !” and a tear glistened in her eye. “I reverence you, and I will obey you in every thing, save in renouncing my God. *He* also is my Father, and to him is due, love, honour, reverence, and obedience, even greater than is required of me towards my earthly parent. It is not lightly that I have embraced the faith of the Christians. It is not from a single reading of this manuscript, that I firmly believe in its words, and promises ; I should not have been led from the faith of my forefathers, had I not felt convinced it was a faith to be abhorred. I have thought by day and by night, I have reasoned constantly ; and the more I have thought, the more I have reasoned, so the more firmly have I felt assured, that I have chosen the right path. This book has taught me, that there is a God above all other Gods, a Ruler of the universe, the Creator of all things. It has taught me that there is a

Heaven to which we return after death, and are rewarded or punished according to our deserts. It has taught me that *He*, whom we call Jesus Christ, was sent to teach us mortals the path to eternal life. It contains his precepts, his words ; and it promises happiness greater than we can conceive, for those who obey the will of his Father who sent him. I say again, I have not embraced this belief lightly and without deep consideration ; but I have embraced it upon a firm conviction of its truth and blessedness. I knew that from you, I should meet with much opposition ; and I have already suffered much in disobeying your precepts. If you do indeed cast me from you, I will pray that your heart may be softened ; and as I have ever done, that you may come to the knowledge of the true God. A time *will* come, it *must* come, when my belief will be your belief, and when we shall worship the same God. But if till that time come, I must be an outcast from my paternal roof, and if I must chuse between my father and my God, much as it will cost me to renounce one so long and so dearly loved, yet will I do

it, though my heart should break in the effort." As she spoke she was much agitated, her cheek was flushed, and my own proud spirit flashed from her dark eye, the darker and brighter for the spirit which moved her. A moment over, and the soft temper of my mother shone upon her fair brow, as she murmured in meekness, "Father, forgive me."

I was angry, bitterly so. Still would I endeavour to point out to her, what she must suffer, if cast off by me ; nurtured as she had been in ease and affluence, guarded from every ill and every distress, how could she endure the scoffs and taunts, nay perhaps the bodily sufferings, with which her sect was visited. She listened to me attentively, as I pictured her probable fate ; but she was calm and stedfast.

"All this," she said, "I have thought of, and all this I *can* and *will* bear, rather than purchase the ease and luxuries of this temporal life, at the expense of my happiness hereafter. I am a female ; but God, who has willed that I should come to a true knowledge of him, if I hold fast my faith, will, I trust,

give me strength to bear the torments of mind and body which may await me. If you cast me from you, into his hands I commit myself, confidently and joyfully."

My heart still clung to her, spite of my disappointment and anger. I knew how strongly the kindest feelings of our nature were implanted in her heart, and again I attempted to make an impression upon her, by representing the happiness we had enjoyed together, and what I must suffer in my declining age, if I separated from her. As spoke, the colour fluttered in her cheek, her bosom heaved, and her eyes were cast down.

"Father," she replied, "I acknowledge, I feel all this. For past love and care I am grateful, and never can I forget the happiness of my youth. Oh, if you could read my heart, you would know how fondly it clings, and ever must cling, to you, my only parent. But still," she continued with firmness, "I cannot, must not, *will* not, renounce my God."

I took her hand in mine, and pressed it; "Once again, Hermione," I said, "I, who

never before supplicated to any one, will beg of my child, *beg* where I might *command*, to renounce her errors and return to the worship of her country."

"Father," she said earnestly, and clasping her hands, "dear father, in mercy do not tempt me to lose my soul, for the enjoyment of a little happiness *here*, if happy I indeed could be, while subject to the upbraidings of my own conscience, upon the holiest and most important of subjects."

In wrath I left her, and hurried into the garden: there for a time I suffered the most poignant grief. Could I indeed cast from me one I loved so dearly, who had been my pride, my joy, my solace? For a little difference in opinion upon a subject upon which many now differed. Yet was I not firmly wedded to the religion of my country? Had I not taught it publicly to thousands, and was I to be chafed by a female? I, who had disputed with the first philosophers of the age, and of almost every country, and who was myself the head of my sect, was I to become the pupil of a child, to be induced by her to

renounce what had been established for ages, for the doctrines of a poor wandering people, of whom we had not heard till the last century? No, forbid it philosophy! forbid it reason!

Sleep came upon me, but with it also a dream most horrible.

Methought I was upon the point of plunging a dagger into the bosom of my child, as she stood before me, calm and unmoved, seeming to await the stroke with a pitying mournful tenderness of expression in her beautiful countenance. Suddenly my head became giddy, my sight failed me, and my hand sunk powerless, and the most horrible torments assailed my quivering flesh.

Impenetrable darkness surrounded me, the air, if it were air, pressed heavily upon me; an indescribable restlessness pervaded my body and my mind; not a sound met my ears, but the stillness around me had no calmness, no soothing power. Still my mind retained its energy, and my heart its feelings. Tenderness and love for my child came with tenfold strength, only to increase my agony.

It was in vain that I recurred to the past; happiness sprung from nothing, from nothing could I derive consolation or alleviation of the racking torments of my mind.

Nor were the pains of my body less. It was not the burning of my limbs before a raging fire—it was not the gnawing of my entrails by beasts of the desert—it was not the crushing of my bones beneath the wheel of torture—it was not the ringing of the waters in my ears while drowning—it was not the hot and parched suffocation of the throat—it was not one of these pains separately which assailed me, it was the combination of them all, in their utmost power of torment. I would have destroyed myself, but it was in vain that I struck myself with the dagger, it had not power to kill; and a vague and imperfect feeling came across me, that I was never to die. I could look back to the beginning of my life, I could count its years by its sorrows; but when I attempted to think of the probable termination of my existence, I could fix no time to end my anguish; my life became one lengthened

term of misery, lengthening and lengthening as the wish to end it increased ; and again that horrible feeling that I was never to die, came across me stronger than ever.

A change, a blessed change came over me ; and again I saw my child. A wide space was betwixt us, yet were her features distinct ; a bright light seemed to surround her, which, though effulgent beyond the power of conception, did not dazzle ; it was calm, steady, beautiful, and increased the loveliness of her countenance. A smile of exquisite sweetness beamed in her eyes, and played round her mouth, as she held her outstretched arms towards me, as if inviting me to cross the gulph between us, and join her, where all seemed quietness, peacefulness, and bliss.

Methought that the action of putting forth my hand to catch hers, relieved me from my torments ; all pains left me, and happiness again returned to me. The start of joy at being thus suddenly released, awoke me ; and in reality did I behold my darling child smiling upon me with the same sweet smile of love as in my dream, my hand also met

hers in a prolonged grasp of joy and tenderness.

I found, that after a time becoming alarmed at my not returning to her, she had sought me in the garden, and finding me in a troubled sleep, she seated herself beside me, carefully watching every movement of my agitated countenance, and gently wiping away the big drops of perspiration which the agony of my dream had sent to my skin. Often as she heard my moans, and saw my convulsive starts, was she tempted to awake me; but the recollection of the anger in which I had parted from her, and the fear that it had not subsided, withheld her, and it was her intention to have left me when she saw I had become calm; but my awaking suddenly prevented this.

My anger was gone; a tear of tenderness and agitation sprung to my eye; she saw it not, and it fell not upon her cheek, as her head rested upon my bosom. *That had been* its destination, but my habitual self-command and subjugation of passion, sent it back again to its fountain.

At parting that evening, Hermione did not, as had ever been her nightly custom, throw her arms round my neck, but with a pale and trembling lip, she said, " Father, to-morrow ——"

" To-morrow," I replied, without looking at her, " to-morrow we meet again, Hermione."

As she left me, I heard her utter fervently, " My God, I thank thee !"

The morrow came ; my child was calm, attentive, and observant of her usual habits ; but her step was slower, her cheek paler, her voice trembled occasionally, and her eyes, instead of being turned towards me in love, as they were wont to be, were cast down. How much I missed those fond looks, which ever greeted me ; fain would I have recalled the sweet smile which ever dimpled her cheek when addressing me. I asked her to sing, but it seemed to me that her voice had lost somewhat of its melody ; she answered me, when I addressed her, softly and sweetly, but she now never started a subject for our converse. I watched her at her employments

they were still the same ; but if she embroidered, methought her hand moved less skilfully ; in tending her birds, I did not hear the little imitative chirp with which she used to encourage their warbling ; and even her flowers seemed to have lost somewhat of their attraction for her. I thought her drooping, without a murmur, without a sigh. Oh ! if she had given vent to reproach and to anger, I could have borne it better ; but to see her so gentle, so tender, yet so mournful ! I could not bear it, and after many days of misery to us both, I one evening took her hand, and said,

“ Hermione, if blame must attach to one of us, let it be to me. I dare not think of what my duty is, but I cannot part with you. Never recur to what has passed between us ; I leave you free to act as your judgment shall tell you is right ; I wish there had been no matter of difference between us ; but we may still be happy together. I will hold to the faith of my country, but you are free to follow the worship of the Christians.” She would have spoken. “ Nay, do not thank

me. Let it be a subject upon which you never speak first. But Hermione, be happy, and again make your father so also."

She sank into my arms, and a flood of tears relieved her. Now again was she my lovely, my beautiful, my happy child; though I could detect a softened joy in her manner, a sweet pensiveness now marked her countenance; and when I rallied her upon the loss of the bright smiles I so much missed, my heart smote me as being the cause of their banishment, and I felt grateful for the efforts made to recall them.

Thus did I allow myself to be conquered, and my philosophy conquered also, by my love for my child; and many were the moments in which I blamed myself, nay almost repented my leniency towards her. Yet when in her society, I almost felt that she might win me to anything.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHRISTIANITY spread, and particularly among the lower class. I had hitherto considered the common people as unworthy of instruction. Therefore I now felt my pride mortified, and saw myself, and the science to which I pretended, eclipsed by the illiterate among the common people, whom I had so much despised. In this state of mind I endeavoured to console myself with affecting to despise those who despised me, and at first, without demeaning myself to examine the historical evidence of the facts on which Christianity was founded, I superciliously contented myself with considering it as a *new thing*, brought into the world by obscure persons, with a crucified malefactor and some fishermen at its head; besides, although there

were some of our rites which I despised, I conformed to them, being seriously persuaded, that things of such venerable antiquity were of a sacred nature. Still was my mind restless and unsatisfied. I daily heard of fresh converts to the new religion; in my own home I witnessed the purity of a Christian's life, and I felt very much inclined to examine their doctrines. I had forbidden Hermione ever to mention the subject to me, but I was resolved to have some conversation with her upon it, and to discover, if possible, if it were indeed a happier and a more reasonable belief than my own.

"Tell me, Hermione," I one evening said to her, "when I blamed you for renouncing the religion of your country, did you not in your heart curse me?"

"Curse you! No, father. I was miserable and unhappy, but I endeavoured to be resigned."

"Hermione," and I seized her arm with firmness, "if my hand were raised against your life, would you not curse me then?"

She turned pale, and fear was for a mo-

ment in her countenance ; “ No not even then would I curse my parent, I would ——” she paused, and looked fixedly in my face.

“ What would you, Hermione ?”

Looking upward with an indescribable sweetness, she said, “ I would pray my God for forgiveness for you.”

Her look, her manner, so sweet, so solemn, struck to my heart, and loosing my hold I turned hastily from her. She saw that I was moved, and I repented my want of self-command, and my weakness in allowing her to see it. It was the first time that she had hinted at her religion, and months again passed in silence upon the subject.

But during those months I had not been idle ; I had studied, I had thought of, nay, I had even held conversations with Christians upon their belief ; and what induced me to do this ? My unhappiness, and I do not blush to say, my love for my child. When an infant, left as she was to my care in a peculiar and unfortunate manner, I thought I loved her for her helpless innocence, and for the resemblance she bore to my mother. In

youth, Hermione still grew upon my affections, and I found I loved her for herself ; and sometimes I blushed for my love, and sometimes I cursed my cold philosophy ; still I could not but love her. Her beauty, her gentleness, her feminine sweetness, and her talents, stole upon me year after year, and spite of all my endeavours, I found she became more dear to me. Her strict obedience to my will, her forbearance when I had so strongly tried her temper, led me not only to admire her, but to enquire into the nature of that belief, which enabled her thus to overcome her passions, apparently with so much less difficulty than my Stoic philosophy enabled me to root mine from my breast, nay, and much more effectually so too. Her life seemed to be smooth and unruffled, while I was continually agitated, with heart and mind constantly at variance. Yet my doubts and struggles did not appear outwardly, then might she not suffer also unseen ? No. That face so calmly cheerful, could not belong to a writhing heart, and a troubled mind. Even her deepest thought seemed to be blest, for her brow was unmark-

ed by care; happiness alone seemed to have made her pure heart his dwelling-place, and to beam in her youthful countenance. To be so happy she must be virtuous, and moreover wise; and I must learn such wisdom and such happiness. But reason alone must guide me, and I must not suffer my affections to influence me.

Our religious conversations were now more frequent; I asked her many questions, and she always answered me with modesty, yet with a full understanding of the subject. One evening, while sitting under my mother's myrtle tree, the following conversation took place between us.

"And you think," I said, "that we may indulge the affections of our nature?"

"Certainly I do. I think that all our passions and all our feelings were given to us for a wise purpose by our Creator, the good ones to be encouraged to his glory, and the evil ones to try the strength of our virtue, and to insure our future reward and happiness by being overcome. "I wish," she continued, throwing one arm round my neck, and

looking sweetly in my face, "I wish, my dear father, I could persuade you to forget your philosophy, and to let your heart love me, as well as it wishes to do. Nay, do not shake your head."

"My heart will love you in defiance of my reason, my girl, and though my philosophy forbids it. It is a very foolish heart, Hermione."

"Oh! no, no, not foolish, my dear father; consider we are alone in the world together, not a single relation beside myself have you; and who have I so dear to me as my father? Why then should we not love each other *very* dearly?"

"My philosophy teaches me not to love or hate anything; and in truth I have found but little in the world to wish to love."

"I on the contrary," said my smiling child, "love every thing. This beautiful flower," plucking a pomegranate bud, "I not only admire for its beautiful colour, but I love it because it forms a part of the creation. I love the birds that sing around us, and that clear and rippling river; nay, I love the very earth on

which we tread. And if I can so love inanimate things, you may judge how dearly I love you, my father."

"You say you love every thing, yet every thing will perish, Hermione; and to lose what we love must cause pain, then surely it is far better to live in indifference. The birds will cease their songs, and become a mass of corruption and putridity; that flower will fade, and its brilliant colour will change to one unseemly to your eye."

"True, father. But other birds will be in life and sing as sweetly; and other blossoms will shew themselves as beautiful, and console me for the loss of those that have died and faded."

"And *I*, Hermione, must also pass away and become a mass of corruption; will then another father be given you?"

"You will indeed be taken from me;" she said seriously; "but even then I shall not be without consolation. Our separation will be but for a time, and though it will be grievous to me for a time, however short, yet I

have the conviction that we shall meet again in Heaven, never more to part."

"And your flowers, and all that you love, will they also be given to you in your Heaven?"

"I know not, nor can I exactly understand of what my happiness hereafter will consist. But I am willing to think that you, who have been the cause of my greatest happiness here below, will also contribute to the greater, purer, and more blessed happiness which is promised to me hereafter, if I so conduct myself as to obtain eternal life. But call it not *my* Heaven only, father, it is the Heaven for *you*, and for all; it is the everlasting home to which we shall all return."

I asked the grounds of her belief in a future life.

"I am promised it by Jesus Christ, and believing most firmly as I do in Him, I believe in his promises also. I am but a poor ignorant girl, and cannot argue with you; what I tell you of my belief, I understand, and I feel it to be right; but there are many points, which being less essential to guide my

conduct, I do not attempt to study or to think of ; and for an explanation of those points, I refer you to our good Bishop Quadratus. But I can reason a little with you," she continued, smiling, "in the way of your own dear philosophy. Is not happiness the end and aim of your studies, and your life ?"

"Most assuredly it is."

"Well, it makes me happy to encourage my belief in a Supreme Creator, and in a Heaven; therefore it would be folly in me not to believe. If it be a wrong belief, and I should sink into the grave, and rot into nothing, body and soul together ; still I shall have been happy, and therefore, according to your philosophy, I shall have been right. But if I am to die, only to live again in another world, if this body is to decay, but my soul to rise again, will it not add to my bliss to know that I have not wilfully disbelieved and denied what my Creator has so mercifully taught us by *his Son* and *our Saviour* ? Oh ! how sincerely, how fervently do I wish that you would think as I do !"

"That, Hermione, may never be."

I said it might not be ; but from conversations such as these, I did not rise without reflection, and my philosophy was shaken. I became a less frequent attendant at the Pœcile Portico, and I began to shun the society of my former friends. To doubt the truth of the philosophy in which I had been educated, was the first step towards renouncing it. Still I was resolved not to do so lightly, and without a strict examination of the reasons for Christianity.

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CHAPTER IX.

I WAS in a state of uncertainty and doubt ; a state which cannot last long ; it is unquiet and painful. Although many and great misfortunes have fallen upon me, my life has never been so constantly disagreeable to me as in this time of trouble and anxiety ; when wandering from doubt to doubt, I gained little from my long and frequent meditations than uncertainty as to the cause of my existence.

To doubt of things which it is important for us to know, is too violent a state for the human mind, it will not remain in it long ; it will decide in one way or another, and loves better to deceive itself, than to believe nothing.

What encreased my embarrassment was, that having been brought up in opinions (for

I cannot now call it a religion) which did not admit of a doubt, one single point rejected, made me reject many others.

I again perused the writings of the different philosophers, who had dictated to mankind ; I examined their several opinions, and sometimes thought them positive and dogmatical, and proving nothing. I thought of the melancholy fate of mortals, floating on the sea of human opinions, without rudder or compass, and abandoned to their violent passions, without any other guide than an inexperienced pilot, who knows not his route, whence he came, or whither he goes. I felt that to know the truth was essential to my happiness ; I sought it, but I could not find it.

What made the foundation of my Stoic philosophy better than those of Epicurus or Plato ? Then why, again, were the Christian opinions concerning the formation of the universe more rational, and nearer the truth, than those of Zeno ?

I had been taught that this universe was a sentient and animated being ; and my doubts

led me to examine more carefully than I had yet done the nature of matter and its properties ; and after this examination, I felt so persuaded that the natural state of matter is rest, and that it has not in itself the power of motion ; that when seeing a body moved, I judged it either to be an animated body, or that motion had been communicated to it.

Yet this universe is visibly matter, and matter in motion too ; how then could I prove that it is not animated and sentient ? I must judge of it by analogy, I must compare it with something, and nothing so readily presented itself as fit for my purpose as myself ; and this comparison induced me to think that this world is not a great animal which moves of itself, for I could not discover that it has any thing of the union, organization, or feeling, common to the parts of an animated body. It is in motion, but in its regular and uniform motion there is nothing of that liberty which appears in the spontaneous movements of man.

Thus was one point in the doctrines of my philosophy rejected ; I will not say that I

readily rejected it; for who can, without some feeling of reluctance, allow the fallacy of an opinion which he had entertained almost from his birth? But I did renounce my former belief as to this universe being animated; and if *inanimate*, it could not be *sentient*. And *I believed that there was a something, a cause, a will, which moves the universe and animates nature.*

And if the motion of matter proved to me a will, the perfect order, and harmony of the different parts of the universe, gave me the idea of an intelligence to direct that will.

This intelligent principle, this Being who wills, and is able to perform every thing, the Christians called God; and in acknowledging the power, the existence of this first and intelligent cause, *I also acknowledged a God.*

What now became of the doctrine of chances and combinations? Of fate and necessity? I could no longer believe that matter passive and without life, had been able to produce living and feeling beings; or that a blind fatality had been able to form intelligent creatures; or that things which have no

power of thinking could produce beings who have.

I acknowledge a God, and to this name I joined ideas of intelligence, power, and will ; and goodness, which is the necessary result of these. I knew that he existed, and that he existed of himself ; and that my existence, and that of all other things was subservient to his.

I perceived God in all his works ; in the heavens which encompass the earth ; in the stars which shine upon us ; in the bird which flies ; in the stone which rolls on the ground ; and in the leaf which is shaken by the wind.

After having discovered those attributes of God, by which I came to a knowledge of his existence, I returned to the study of myself ; and sought to know what rank I occupy in the order of the things he governs.

I find myself incontestably in the first ; for by my will, and the instruments which are in my power to execute it, I am more able to act on all the bodies which surround me, and to make them subservient to my wishes, than

they are to make me obey them ; and by my intellect, I am the only one who can survey the whole. What being on this earth besides man, can observe the other beings, foresee their movements, and the effects of them, and join, as as I may say, the feeling of a common existence with that of his individual existence? It is true therefore, that man is the king of the earth he inhabits, and I am proudly content with the situation in which I am placed. But this place was not my choice, and was not given me as a reward. How then can I feel myself thus distinguished from the other creatures of the earth, without congratulating myself upon filling a situation so honourable, without blessing the hand which placed me in it.

I came to the conclusion, *that man is free in his actions, and being so, is animated with an immaterial substance, which makes him accountable to God for his actions. And that Providence has made man free, that he may do good, and not evil, by choice.*

Thus came I to a belief in God, in a world to come, in a day of judgment, and in fu-

ture rewards and punishments. *I became a Christian.*

Oh ! what an immense, what a wonderful alteration did this belief work upon my feelings ! My misfortunes, my unhappiness, have been great ; but patiently will I await the time, when, freed from my mortality, all trouble shall cease, all pain vanish away, and in the presence of my God I shall sing glory and praise to the Everlasting ! and enjoy the contemplation of his infinite goodness, in the company of just men made perfect, and of my darling child, who first taught me that this life is but a pilgrimage, and who first led me to a belief of a God, and of a Heaven. Bless thee, bless thee, Hermione ! Thou wert my joy on earth, and thou savedst my soul from perdition.

Thus have I endeavoured to give, as briefly as possible, the reasons which actuated me in changing my religious belief ; and of embracing those opinions for the holding of which, I had almost sent my only child a solitary outcast upon the wide world. Oh ! how did my heart now repent of what I that day

said to her, and how sincerely did it now seek to repair those harsh words, by the increased tenderness with which it now beat for her. Increased, because I felt I might indulge it without danger to my eternal welfare, and because it had something of gratitude mixed with it, as I looked upon her as having been the cause of the important changes in my opinions and feelings.

Might I indeed cherish love for my child and for my mother, without blushing at my weakness? How shall I describe my feelings at that moment, when I suffered the tender emotions of my nature to fill my heart, without a wish or an endeavour to overcome or to curb them. I cannot describe the impetuosity of my feelings, my yearnings to embrace my beloved Hermoine, and to tell her that the time she once so confidently spoke of was arrived, when her God was become my God, her belief my belief, and that we cherished the same hopes of a life to come and eternal. I felt no humility in owning to my child the change in my opinions.

But although the relation of my conversion

has been brief, my conversion itself did not take place in a few days or weeks. I had many early and strongly imbibed prejudices to overcome, and it was many months before a perfect change was completed. During that time I did not mention the subject to Hermione, resolved not to do so while there remained the smallest doubt in my mind upon any point. But now that all doubts were cleared away, all prejudice conquered, and that I had learnt to know the true cause and end of my existence, I was anxious to make her acquainted with a circumstance which I felt would so very much increase her happiness; and I longed to humble myself in prayer to my Creator, in company with my darling child.

“Hermione,” said I to her one day, “you will be prepared to welcome to our repast to-day, one of my most valued friends.”

I forebore to tell her my intention, and never shall I forget the expression of her countenance when I entered our hall, with Quadratus, the Christian Bishop of Athens. Astonishment, doubt, and joy, alternately de-

picted themselves in that dear face. I opened my arms, and she threw herself upon my bosom, and a few tears of gladness chased each other down her cheeks.

"I am now a Christian, Hermoine," I said. "You, my dear child, have been the chosen instrument to work out my conversion. I little thought, when you were put into my arms a helpless infant, that you were to win me from the idolatrous worship of my forefathers, and to lead me to the study of myself, of the universe, and thereby to a knowledge of God. Heaven bless thee, my child ! and may I ever be grateful for the precious gift bestowed upon me in you."

My child's heart was too full of joyful feelings to allow of her speaking ; but she took my hand and one of Quadratus' and pressing them together, she imprinted a kiss upon each.

I that evening tasted greater and purer happiness than I ever before had known ; seated under my mother's myrtle tree, we passed it in conversation, and in reading that book, which was now become as dear to me, as to

Hermione, and from which my touch did not now recoil.

The majesty of the Holy Writings astonished me, the sanctity of the Evangelists touched my heart. I owned that the books of the philosophers with all their pomp of learning, were nothing compared to that; and I there now sought for the rules and precepts for my conduct; which, but a few months before, I thought were contained in the writings of Zeno and his followers only.

Nor was I content in professing the change in my opinions to my particular friends only, but I resolved to become by baptism, a follower of Christ. Hermione, who in deference to my paternal authority had not yet gone through the ceremony, expressed a wish to be baptised at the same time.

We therefore presented ourselves together at the font, and Quadratus blessed both father and child.

CHAPTER X.

Our happiness was of short duration ; but a few years elapsed between my conversion and my persecution for the belief which I had embraced.

Christianity had spread widely, but every where we heard of the rigours with which the Roman government visited its professors. Imprisonment, banishment, torture, nay death, were dealt out to our brethren with an unsparing hand. Edict upon edict closely followed each other ; neither age nor sex were allowed as an extenuation of the punishment doomed to the followers of Christ. Grey-headed men were condemned to die a lingering and excruciating death, and the agonies of mothers with infants at their bosoms were not less.

At Athens, we however, as yet, remained untroubled; although, while pitying our friends in distress, we thought of what probably awaited ourselves. And while I gazed on my beloved and beautiful child, I shuddered; how could that delicate, alas! at this time too delicate, frame, bear immurement in a prison? Those youthful limbs might be tortured and wounded; I thought of this, and the tears rolled down my cheeks. I fervently asked the Almighty that all suffering might fall on me alone.

By prayer to heaven, by reading, and by exhortation, we endeavoured to encourage in each other a firm reliance upon the Divine will.

The blow came; I cannot describe the agony of that hour. I scarcely know what took place generally; I was stunned, my mind, my observation, were unhinged and put to flight by the intensity of my anguish. I only saw my beloved Hermione torn from me, and knew not whither she was carried; without one parting embrace was she taken from me; the rude hands of the soldiers held her

back ; it was in vain that she implored for one kiss, one blessing ; they would have intercepted our looks had it been in their power, but it was not ; and after a deep glance of agony we were separated, leaving to either but little hope of meeting again, save in that heaven to which we prayed for fortitude and patience.

In my prison, deprived of every comfort, and almost necessities, the agonies of my mind where tenfold more than those of my body. My child, my child, where was she ? I thought of her loveliness, of her goodness, and my heart yearned to her with greater love than it ever had done before. Were my trials never to cease ? was I doomed always to be miserable. Oh God forgive me, that in my hours of agony, almost of distraction, I dared to murmur against thy decrees. I had but lately rejoiced in the soft affections of humanity, and now they served to increase my sufferings. I could not now recall my Stoical apathy ; my feelings had

lately had full exercise, and I could not now bid them leave my breast. I wept, I mourned, and in prayer only could I find an alleviation of my misery.

Weeks thus passed, and with joy I hailed the summons to appear before the governor of Athens. That governor was Maximilian, and I knew not whether to expect mercy, or increased severity from him, on account of the connexion between us. I cared but little for myself, but I hoped, though not confidently, that Agathonica's heart would soften in behalf of her child, and that she possessed sufficient influence with her paramour to obtain a pardon for Hermione.

I had been in the hall of justice some moments with my fellow-sufferers, before the females, who were also to be tried that day, appeared, and was still uncertain as to the fate of my child; so far uncertain at least, that although I knew that upon her separation from me, she also had been conveyed to prison, I was ignorant whether she was to undergo her examination that day or not.

At length the females entered, and my impatient eyes soon discovered my darling Hermione among them ; she walked slowly, with her eyes bent on the ground, and it was some time before she lifted them to survey those around her ; but in that hasty glance she quickly recognised me, and with outstretched arms, she uttered a piercing shriek which sounded through the hall and drew all attention to her ; then lifting her eyes to heaven, she seemed to utter a prayer, and again her head dropt, and with her arms crossed on her bosom, she stood perfectly still and motionless. The colour which had for an instant rushed to her cheek, had fled, and left her pale and colourless as the purest marble ; but for the gentle heaving of her bosom, the beholder might have imagined her a statue, she was so pale, so still. The rigours of confinement had taken somewhat from the roundness of her figure, but she still looked lovely ; and while the praises of her beauty were murmured through the assembly, even in that hour of trial and of sorrow, my heart was proud and joyful, as I claimed that

young creature as my daughter. I watched the countenance of Maximinian, and thought that it relaxed in its sternness as he gazed upon her ; even the lowest of his attendants seemed to regard her with admiration and pity ; and so strongly did I feel that to be the moment to sue for mercy and pardon for her, that I should have fallen upon my knees before the governor, had he not that instant called forward some of my companions for their examination.

Seldom were my eyes removed from that one dear being ; I endeavoured to watch the changes of her countenance as the trials proceeded ; she still remained in the position which she had taken upon her entrance ; and except that an occasional shudder passed momentarily over her frame, as the blows inflicted upon the interrogated were distinctly heard, I should have thought her unconscious of what was passing.

My turn arrived. I looked calmly in the face of Maximinian, but he shrunk not ; I was almost tempted to upbraid him with the injury he had done me in early life, but my

spirit was too proud to make that a plea for generous treatment at that time.

Now did Hermione shew symptoms of animation. Her eyes were fixed with intense earnestness upon me; the colour fluttered in her cheek, her hands were clasped, and with head slightly bent forward, and parted lips, she eagerly awaited my answers. Once the attendant's rod was held over me, and my child saw it about to descend.

"Mercy!" she cried in agony, her clasped hands stretched towards Maximinian, "Mercy, for my father!"

A smile of haughty derision curled the lip of the governor, as he said, "Do you ask mercy from me? I had been told that the Christians felt not the pains of the body, when bearing them for their religion's sake; or if they did feel them, that to one source only did they look for mercy, and that they scorned the power I hold."

"Yes," replied my child with bold firmness, and standing proudly erect, "We Christians do scorn the power you arrogate to yourself in the affairs of our religion. But you have

done well to recall my thoughts to where indeed we can alone look for mercy and compassion, and I thank you that you have done so." Then sinking on one knee, the expression of her uplifted countenance being now only that of humble piety, she said, "Father in heaven, forgive me, that my earthly passions and anxieties made me for one instant forget that from thee alone can we hope to receive justice and mercy. Thy will be done, and oh ! grant us strength to bear without a murmur, whatever thou in thy wisdom and goodness seest fit to afflict us with." Then again turning proudly to Maximinian, as she rose, she said, "Now do your worst. Our hope is in heaven. Father, let us bear our misfortunes as though we felt them not, and if they reach even to death, let us yield our lives in firm faith of Him who died for us, and in a full and perfect assurance of a happy life in a world to come."

"You speak nobly, fair maiden," said Maximinian, "and shew that you inherit the pride of your family. I will question you as to *your* belief; methinks you will give me

judicious answers, nay, perhaps you will convert me."

"Would that I could convert you, and make you a follower of that religion and faith, which even in this hour of sorrow, speaks comfort and consolation to its believers."

He then proceeded to question her as to the faith of the Christians; my child answered him firmly, without fear, yet still retaining the modesty of her sex. She said the kingdom of Christ was an angelic, not an earthly one, and would commence at the end of time, when he would come in glory to judge the living and the dead, and to give to every one according to his works. That according to the principles of Christianity, all mankind, without any distinction of high or low, rich or poor, are equally candidates for a happy immortality.

A slight colour tinged her cheek as she spoke, and often the fervour of her piety made her manner not merely earnest, but energetic; but when she had finished, her head again sunk upon her bosom, and she

appeared meekly and patiently to await her sentence.

There was a perfect silence for some time in the hall, and Maximinian seemed to be ruminating upon the punishment he was to award to the young creature before him. He more than once looked towards her, and then at me; at length he said, "Have you no favour to ask of me, young maiden?"

"I fear you will scarcely grant any request from me, a poor, persecuted Christian," replied Hermione, in a tone and manner which implied that she was not anxious to be obliged to him for the grant of a favour.

"Nay, judge not so harshly of me," said Maximinian, almost conciliatingly, "Your youth pleads somewhat in your behalf; and I feel inclined to be lenient towards you."

"Then," replied Hermione, "I will make one request. Do not separate me from my father. Whatever punishment awaits him, grant that I may share it."

"You have unfortunately made a request which does not agree with my half-formed

intention of taking you into the household of my wife, to be her constant attendant."

I could not refrain from shewing my surprise and indignation at such a proposal; and I sternly said, "Maximinian, you know me. I do not now speak to you as a persecuted Christian and a stranger, but as an injured husband and loving father. I am astonished at the proposal you have made, that Hermione, my virtuous and innocent child, should live under the same roof with Agathonica. If you meant to insult me, know, proud man, that although unfortunate, I have a spirit which will not tamely brook unmerited insult; and, in my present situation, it is mean to add insult to your tyranny. I know that I am in your power, and that if you please you can at this moment take my life. But I do not fear you. I have been silent many years; I have never upbraided you; but attempt to bring my child in contact with her miserable mother, and though immured in a dungeon, I will find some means to free her, and to avenge myself for all my

injuries. Nay, Hermoine," I said, observing her surprise at my words, and taking hold of her with one hand, while with the other I pointed to Maximinian—"Hermione, do not be alarmed at my earnestness. I have hitherto carefully concealed from you the unhappiness that man brought upon me, the injury he has done us both. A governor of others ought, methinks, to be possessed of a heart firm in good principles, and a character to which not the slightest taint can attach. He is appointed, or takes upon himself, to deal justice to every one, from the highest to the lowest of those over whom he rules; he is to administer the laws with fidelity and truth, to rich and poor, to wise and simple; he holds his power in trust, and is accountable for its right application to the people, to his king, and to his God. Maximinian is a governor; and has he, does he act thus? Let his conscience answer what laws he has transgressed, what rights he has invaded, what injuries he has committed. Look at him, Hermione, and in him behold the seducer, who, I know not by what blandishments, tempted your

mother to leave her home, her husband, and her child, her young and helpless child ; and he has now the baseness to offer to that child a home in his own house, that she may be a daily witness of her mother's ignominy. Shame, shame, Maximinian !”

My wrath was roused, yet I spoke not passionately ; but he quailed before me. A murmur, low but general, rose from the assembly, and the anger of Maximinian was manifest in his agitated countenance. He muttered something of death.

“ I care not,” I said, “ take my life, and my last breath shall pronounce your infamy.”

“ Death were too speedy an end to your sufferings,” he replied ; “ no, Eurysthenes, I condemn you and your proud child to perpetual banishment in the Island of *Œeante*.”

Hermione clung to me, partly in terror, and partly in love ; I strongly pressed her to my bosom, and throwing my arm around her, seemed by my strong grasp to be fearful that she might yet be taken from me.

There are some islands on the coast of Ithaca, which are scarce better than barren

rocks ; no trees grow on them, a few weeds only give signs of vegetation ; no animals inhabit them, and even the birds of the air forsake them.

Such an one was Eanthe ; but dreary as the prospect of living there would have seemed to others, I dreaded it not, while the treasure most prized was left me. For myself I cared not ; I could endure any privations, but I trembled for my child. I was fully convinced that the strength of her religious principles would enable her to endure every hardship without a murmur, that her mind would not fail her under any trial, but I feared her bodily strength. The few weeks that she had been condemned to inhabit a prison had made a visible alteration in her appearance, in which there was a delicacy which strongly reminded me of my dear mother ; and I shuddered as the idea of her sinking prematurely crossed me.

CHAPTER XI.

I WILL not attempt to describe our feelings upon leaving our beloved Athens ; beloved, because it had been the birth-place of us both ; our happy home. We did not give utterance to our thoughts or griefs, but with hands clasped in each other, we stood upon deck, watching the coast which receded from our sight much too quickly. In silence we lost sight of it ; and in silence we landed upon our new and dreary land.

I had not formed a wrong idea of my child's strength of mind, and fortitude in adversity. Many were exiled with us, but Hermione was active among them, speaking consolation to the aged, and stimulating the younger by her words and example to activity and resignation. The comfort of each individual seemed

to be the object of her care, and as far as lay in her power she contributed to it. All blessed her, and all followed her advice and example ; and in a short time our little colony was settled, if not happily, contentedly ; and we were brethren in love as well as in adversity. We set apart a small building as a chapel, and I was chosen as the pastor of our little community. My child had managed to secrete my mother's Bible, now the only one within our reach, and it became a carefully guarded treasure, the common property of all.

But notwithstanding the activity of Hermione, I could detect a latent melancholy preying upon her constitution. Often would she sit silently and pensively ; her voice was now never raised except in hymns to her Creator ; and I found that that part of the shore which lay opposite to Ithaca was her most favorite walk, and never would she go elsewhere, when I left her to guide the way for our evening ramble.

Still she expressed no regret, no sign ever escaped her till within a short time of her

death ; when I not unfrequently observed her eyes fixed upon me, and suffused with tears, which she would quickly repress when she discovered I noticed her. I daily saw her declining, I saw her form wasting, and her strength failing. Others saw it too, and in their kindness offered me condolence and consolation. Alas ! from them I could not derive lasting comfort. I saw my only earthly treasure gliding from my possession, yet I wept not. I could not weep, my grief was too deep for tears. She was the only tie which bound me to life, and made that life endurable ; and that tie was to be loosened. From my birth, it appeared that I had been doomed to unhappiness ; that amidst every apparent blessing, misfortune secretly haunted me. I had lost family and fortune, and now was to lose the only being who loved me, or whom I loved ; that dear child, who from her infancy I had doated upon, even in contradiction to my principles ; and now, when religion hallowed and blessed my affection, now when I felt that in loving her, I was fulfilling a law of nature and of God ; she was

to be taken from me. I wept not, nor did I murmur. I did not pray for the life of my child, for I knew that the Almighty, who had a knowledge of all my thoughts and wishes, would, if he saw good, grant them without my asking; he willed that she should be taken from me, and I submitted; but my almost hourly prayer was for her an easy death free from suffering, and for myself fortitude to bear the separation as becomes a Christian.

My sweet child was but a short time confined to her room. I daily read to her, and she constantly exhorted me to be resigned. She spoke of her near dissolution without fear or trembling; she said our separation would be for a little time merely, and she was abundantly thankful that she had been the means of leading me to the same faith and religion which she had believed in.

She sunk. Hers was the first grave dug in the little spot of ground which we had marked out for the burial place of the persecuted, and she was followed to that grave by the sighs and tears of those among whom

she had been as an angel sent for awhile to suffering mortals, to shew to them the inhabitants of the realms above.

What pleasure of life is unmixed with sorrow? What glory upon earth is of long continuance? All are more fleeting than a shadow, all are more deceitful than a dream! In one moment death endeth all. I thought of the shortness of life; — all human things are vain, which cannot survive the grave. Will riches survive? or will glory attend beyond the tomb? Where are the affections of the world? Where the vain dream of temporary delights? All, all passeth away like a shadow.

My child was taken from me, and now were we separated: Alas! what a separation for me to bear with. She was delivered up to the grave, she was covered with the earth; every sinful connection with life and vanity was now dissolved; — the spirit had forsaken its mansion — the clay was disfigured — the vessel broken — a speechless, motionless, senseless body was lowered into the grave. Where now was the graceful

form? Where was youth? Where the brightness of the eye? The beauty of the countenance? All are withered like grass. What is our life? A flower, a vapour, the early dew of the summer morning!

In the contemplation of her virtues, while I mourned her loss, I found strong motives for consolation, for through them I had hope of her eternal felicity. Humanity permits me to be afflicted that she was taken from me, but the sanctity of her life consoled me for her loss; for she is at rest. The Christian religion, and faith, which is as nothing without works, sprung up in her heart from her earliest years, and like the grain of seed in the Evangelist, it there became a great tree. She was humble, piously, and discreetly so; modest in her demeanour, kind, attentive, and careful of others. But why enter into these details? She was beloved by all who knew her, and by me how fondly doated on! Death tore this pure and beloved child from me in the flower of her age, and my grief bore testimony how much I had loved her. For I

did not attempt to stifle my anguish. God wills that we should be firm from religion only, not from insensibility. The greatness of my loss justified my weeping, but I wept with moderation; I mourned, but I mourned not without hope; not forgetting the inestimable benefit which my bereavement had gained for Hermione.

Hermione! how mournfully, yet how fondly does my heart trace that beloved name! Twice loved, in my mother, and in my child.

I linger on the beach where we so often have watched together the setting sun and admired the golden and glorious light with which his sinking beams have tinged the ocean. I look at that ocean, and at the yellow sands faintly shewing themselves through its thin waves; but where is she who used to watch with me its ebb and its flow, its gentle ripple, and its turbulent raging? I sit in her chamber, and muse upon her loveliness and goodness—my waking thoughts dwell upon her, and my dreams bring her back to me in

all her infantine and later beauty — my friends come around me, and weep for her — they tell me of her virtues—and I bless God for having made me father to such a being!

Thus then I am alone. I have no longer in this world child or kindred. I am on this earth, as in a planet where I had accidentally fallen from the one I inhabited. My heart is purified by adversity—I am humble—years have passed over me, and age has stamped his mark on me. I think of the years of my childhood; they were innocent; and oh! if my youth was not without blemish, may the faith of my later years have atoned for my errors!

My love for my lost Hermione now partakes of a heavenly nature, it has become a semblance of that I bear to my Creator. Is this wrong? surely it cannot be. All earthly feelings for her have passed away from my heart. When I think of my

God, I think of her ; Him I reverence — her I love—and there is a holiness in my feelings.

My earthly love therefore, is without an object to rest upon ; it had been centered in her ; hers had been all its devotedness, all its tenderness, all its depth. Now it must either become a load upon my heart, useless, and without joy, or it must be spread and shared among my friends. Friends ! what friends have I, a poor outcast from society, a miserable exile upon a bleak rock ! Friends ! I have none but thee, oh God ! To thee is devoted every thought, and in the contemplation of thy goodness, and in thy worship do I now derive all my consolation, all my happiness.

Holy religion ! sure and ever ready refuge for the afflicted, let thy divine truths penetrate my heart ; make me feel the nothingness of human things ; inspire me with a just disdain for this valley of tears and lamentation ; for this short life which is only as a path to arrive at that which has no end ; and fill my heart with this sweet hope, that the servant of

God, who has been taken from me, enjoys in peace the reward of her virtues in the dwelling place of the blessed ; and may I shortly join her there, and with her sing Hallelujahs to the Highest !

THE END.

LIST OF WORKS CONSULTED.

Cicero's Nature of the Gods.

Pausanias' Description of Greece.

Herodotus.

Mitford's History of Greece.

Gillies' History of Greece.

Potter's Archæologia Græca.

Attic Nights of Aulus Gellius.

Taylor's Dissertation on the Eleusinian and
Bacchic Mysteries.

